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Home College Series.

Number *Fig. 1-100.*

READINGS

FROM COWPER.



NEW YORK:
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WALDEN & BOWE

1851

THE "HOME COLLEGE SERIES" will contain one hundred short papers on a wide range of subjects—biographical, historical, scientific, literary, domestic, political, and religious. Indeed, the religious tone will characterize all of them. They are written for every body—for all whose leisure is limited, but who desire to use the minutes for the enrichment of life.

These papers contain seeds from the best gardens in all the world of human knowledge, and if dropped wisely into good soil, will bring forth harvests of beauty and value.

They are for the young—especially for young people (and older people, too) who are out of the schools, who are full of "business" and "cares," who are in danger of reading nothing, or of reading a sensational literature that is worse than nothing.

One of these papers a week read over and over, thought and talked about at "odd times," will give in one year a vast fund of information, an intellectual quickening, worth even more than the mere knowledge acquired, a taste for solid reading, many hours of simple and wholesome pleasure, and ability to talk intelligently and helpfully to one's friends.

Pastors may organize "Home College" classes or "Lyceum Reading Unions," or "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circles," and help the young people to read and think and talk and live to worthier purpose.

A young man may have his own little "college" all by himself, read this series of tracts one after the other, (there will soon be one hundred of them ready,) examine himself on them by the "Thought-Outline to Help the Memory" and thus gain knowledge, and, what is better, a *love* of knowledge.

And what a young man may do in this respect, a young woman, and both old men and old women, may do.

J. H. VINCENT.

NEW YORK, Jan., 1883.

READINGS FROM COWPER.

MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN, ANN BODHAM.

O that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine,—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
“Grieve not, my child; chase all thy fears away!”
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,—
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidst me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey,—not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,—
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,—
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah! that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!

But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
 The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
 Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
 Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
 What ardently I wished I long believed,
 And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
 By expectation every day beguiled,
 Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
 Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
 I learned at last submission to my lot;
 But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
 Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
 And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
 Drew me to school along the public way,—
 Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
 In scarlet mantle warm and velvet cap,—
 'Tis now become a history little known
 That once we called the pastoral house our own.
 Short-lived possession! but the record fair,
 That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
 Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
 A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
 That thou mightst know me safely laid;
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,—
 The biscuit, or confectionery plum;
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed:
 All this, and more endearing still than all,
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,—
 Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
 That humor interposed too often makes;
 All this still legible in memory's page,
 And still to be so to my latest age,
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
 Such honors to thee as my numbers may,—
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,—
 Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
 When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,—
 The violet, the pink, the jessamine,—
 I pricked them into paper with a pin,
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while,
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile,)
 Could those few pleasant days again appear,
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
 I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
 Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
 But no,—what here we call our life is such,
 So little to be loved, and thou so much,
 That I should ill requite thee to constrain
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
 (The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
 Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
 Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile;
 There sits quiescent on the floods that show
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
 While airs impregnated with incense play
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
 So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
 "Where tempests never beat nor billows roar;"
 And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
 Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
 Always from port withheld, always distressed,—
 Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
 Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
 And day by day some current's thwarting force
 Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
 Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
 My boast is not that I deduce my birth
 From loius enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—
 The son of parents passed into the skies.
 And now, farewell!—Time unrevoked has run
 His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
 By Contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
 I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;

To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine;
 And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft,—
 ThyselF removed, thy power to soothe me left.

WINTER.

FROM "THE WINTER MORNING WALK."

T'is morning ; "and the sun, with ruddy orb
 Ascending, fires the horizon;" while the clouds,
 That crowd away before the driving wind,
 More ardent as the disk emerges more,
 Resemble most some city in a blaze,
 Seen through the leafless wood. His slanting ray
 Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,
 And, tinging all with his own rosy hue,
 From every herb and every spiry blade
 Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.
 Mine, spindling into longitude immense,
 In spite of gravity and sage remark,
 That I myself am but a fleeting shade,
 Provokes me to a smile. With eye askance
 I view the muscular proportioned limb
 Transformed to a lean shank. The shapeless pair,
 As they deigned to mock me, at my side
 Take step for step ; and as I near approach
 The cottage, walk along the plastered wall,
 Preposterous sight! the legs without the man.
 The verdure of the plain lies buried deep
 Beneath the dazzling deluge ; and the bents,
 And coarser grass, upspearing o'er the rest,
 Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine
 Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad,
 And, fledged with icy feathers, nod superb.
 The cattle mourn in corners, where the fence
 Screens them, and seem half petrified to sleep
 In uurecumbent sadness. There they wait
 Their wonted fodder ; not, like hungry man,

Fretful if unsupplied; but silent, meek,
 And patient of the slow-paced swain's delay.
 He from the stack carves out the accustomed load,
 Deep plunging, and again deep plunging oft,
 His broad keen knife into the solid mass:
 Smooth as a wall the upright remnant stands,
 With such undeviating and even force
 He severs it away: no needless care,
 Lest storms should upset the leaning pile
 Deciduous, or its own unbalanced weight.
 Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcerned
 The cheerful haunts of men, to wield the ax
 And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear,
 From morn to eve his solitary task.

Shaggy and lean and shrewd, with pointed ears
 And tail cropped short, half lurcher and half cur,
 His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
 Now creeps he slow; and now, with many a frisk
 Wide scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
 With ivory teeth, or plows it with his snout;
 Then shakes his powdered coat, and barks for joy.

* * * * *

Now from the roost, or from the neighboring pale,
 Where, diligent to catch the first faint gleam
 Of smiling day, they gossiped side by side,
 Come trooping at the housewife's well-known call
 The feathered tribes domestic. Half on wing,
 And half on foot, they brush the fleecy flood,
 Conscious and fearful of too deep a plunge.
 The sparrows peep, and quit the sheltering eaves,
 To seize the fair occasion; well they eye
 The scattered grain, and thievishly resolved
 To escape the impending famine, often scared
 As oft return, a pert voracious kind.
 Clean riddance quickly made, one only care
 Remains to each, the search of sunny nook,
 Or shed impervious to the blast. Resigned
 To sad necessity, the cock foregoes
 His wonted strut; and, wading at their head
 With well-considered steps, seems to resent
 His altered gait and stateliness retrenched.
 How find the myriads, that in summer cheer

The hills and valleys with their ceaseless songs,
 Due sustenance, or where subsist they now?
 Earth yields them naught; the imprisoned worm is safe
 Beneath the frozen clod; all seeds of herbs
 Lie covered close; and berry-bearing thorns,
 That feed the thrush, (whatever some suppose,)
 Afford the smaller minstrels no supply.
 The long-protracted rigor of the year
 Thins all their numerous flocks. In chinks and holes
 Ten thousand seek an unmolested end,
 As instinct prompts; self-buried ere they die.

THE FREEMAN.

From "THE WINTER MORNING WALK."

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
 And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
 That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,
 Can wind around him, but he casts it off
 With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
 He looks abroad into the varied field
 Of Nature; and though poor, perhaps, compared
 With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
 Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
 His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
 And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
 With a propriety that none can feel,
 But who, with filial confidence inspired,
 Can lift to heaven an unassuming eye,
 And smiling say, "My Father made them all!"
 Are they not his by a peculiar right,
 And by an emphasis of interest his,
 Whose eyes they fill with tears of holy joy,
 Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
 With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
 That planned, and built, and still upholds a world
 So clothed with beauty for rebellious man?
 Yes—ye may fill your garners, ye that reap
 The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
 In senseless riot; but ye will not find,

In feast, or in the chase, in song or dance,
A liberty like his who, unimpeached
Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
And has a richer use of yours than you.
He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth
Of no mean city; planned or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains opened, or the sea
With all its roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the same in every state;
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whose every day
Bring its own evil with it, makes it less;
For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury can cripple or confine.
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. The oppressor holds
His body bound; but knows not what a range
His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain;
And that to bind him is a vain attempt,
Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.

THE HAPPY MAN.

FROM "THE WINTER WALK AT NOON."

He is the happy man whose life even now
Shows somewhat of the happier life to come;
Who, doomed to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice; whom peace, the fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having there his home.
The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
Of objects, more illustrious in her view;
And, occupied as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not;
He seeks not hers, for he has proved them vain.

He cannot skim the ground like summer birds
 Pursuing gilded flies; and such he deems
 Her honors, her emoluments, her joys.
 Therefore in contemplation is his bliss,
 Whose power is such, that whom she lifts from earth
 She makes familiar with a heaven unseen,
 And shows him glories yet to be revealed.
 Not slothful he, though seeming unemployed.
 And censured oft as useless. Stillest streams
 Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
 That flutters least is longest on the wing.

HUMANITY.

FROM "THE WINTER WALK AT NOON."

I would not enter on my list of friends
 (Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
 Yet wanting sensibility) the man
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
 An inadvertent step may crush the snail
 That crawls at evening in the public path;
 But he that has humanity, forewarned,
 Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
 The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
 And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes,
 A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
 Sacred to neatness and repose, the alcove,
 The chamber, or refectory, may die:
 A necessary act incurs no blame.
 Not so when, held within their proper bounds,
 And guiltless of offense, they range the air,
 Or take their pastime in the spacious field:
 There they are privileged; and he that hunts
 Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong,
 Disturbs the economy of Nature's realm,
 Who, when she formed, designed them an abode.
 The sum is this: If man's convenience, health,
 Or safety interfere, his rights and claims
 Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
 Else they are all—the meanest things that are—

As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who in his sovereign wisdom made them all.
Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too.

CONTRADICTION.

FROM "CONVERSATION."

Ye powers who rule the tongue, if such there are,
And make colloquial happiness your care,
Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate,
A duel in the form of a debate.
The clash of arguments and jar of words,
Worse than the mortal blunt of rival swords,
Decide no question with their tedious length,
For opposition gives opinion strength,
Divert the champions prodigal of breath,
And put the peaceably disposed to death.
O thwart me not, Sir Soph, at every turn,
Nor carp at every flaw you may discern;
Though syllogisms hang not on my tongue,
I am not surely always in the wrong;
'Tis hard if all is false that I advance,
A fool must now and then be right by chance.
Not that all freedom of dissent I blame;
No,—there I graut the privilege I claim.
A disputable point is no man's ground;
Rove where you please, 'tis common all around.
Discourse may want an animated—No,
To brush the surface, and to make it flow;
But still remember, if you mean to please,
To press your point with modesty and ease.
The mark at which my juster aim I take,
Is contradiction for its own dear sake.
Let your opinion at whatever pitch,
Knots and impediments make something hitch;
Adopt his own, 'tis equally in vain,
Your thread of argument is snatched again;
The wrangler, rather than accord with you,
Will judge himself deceived, and prove it too.

Vociferated logic kills me quite,
 A noisy man is always in the right.
 I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,
 Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare,
 And, when I hope his blunders are all out,
 Reply discreetly, "To be sure—no doubt!"

AFFECTATION.

FROM "THE TIME-PIECE."

In man or woman, but far most in man,
 And most of all in man that ministers
 And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
 All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn;
 Object of my implacable disgust.
 What!—will a man play tricks, will he indulge
 A silly fond conceit of his fair form,
 And just proportion, fashionable mien,
 And pretty face, in presence of his God?
 Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
 As with the diamond on his lily hand,
 And play his brilliant parts before mine eyes,
 When I am hungry for the bread of life?
 He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
 His noble office, and, instead of truth,
 Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock!
 Therefore, avaunt all attitude, and stare,
 And start theatric, practiced at the glass!
 I seek divine simplicity in him
 Who handles things divine; and all besides,
 Though learned with labor, and though much admired
 By curious eyes and judgments ill-informed,
 To me is odious as the nasal twang
 Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,
 Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
 Through the pressed nostril, spectacle-bestrid.

SLAVERY.

FROM "THE TIME-PIECE."

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more! My ear is pained,
My soul is sick with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart;
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colored like his own; and having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home:—Then why abroad?
And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us are emancipate and loosed.

Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
 Receive our air, that moment they are free;
 They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
 That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
 And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
 And let it circulate through every vein
 Of all your empire; that where Britain's power
 Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

MY COUNTRY.

FROM "THE TIME-PIECE."

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
 My country! and, while yet a nook is left
 Where English minds and manners may be found,
 Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime
 Be fickle, and thy year most part deformed
 With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,
 I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
 And fields without a flower, for warmer France,
 With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
 Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.
 To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
 Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
 Upon thy foes, was never meant my task:
 But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
 Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart
 As any thunderer there. And I can feel
 Thy follies too; and with a just disdain
 Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
 Reflect dishonor on the land I love.
 How in the name of soldiership and sense,
 Should England prosper, when such things, as smooth
 And tender as a girl, all essenced o'er
 With odors, and as profligate as sweet;
 Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,
 And love when they should fight; when such as these
 Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
 Of her magnificent and awful cause?
 Time was when it was praise and boast enough
 In every clime, and travel where we might,

That we were born her children. Praise enough
 To fill the ambition of a private man,
 That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,
 And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

A nightingale, that all day long
 Had cheered the village with his song,
 Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
 Nor yet when even-tide was ended,
 Began to feel—as well he might—
 The keen demands of appetite ;
 When, looking eagerly around,
 He spied far off upon the ground,
 A something shining in the dark,
 And knew the glow-worm by his spark ;
 So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
 He thought to put him in his crop.
 The worm, aware of his intent,
 Harangued him thus, quite eloquent :
 “ Did you admire my lamp ? ” quoth he,
 “ As much as I your minstrelsy ;
 You would abhor to do me wrong,
 As much as I to spoil your song ;
 For 'twas the self-same Power Divine
 Taught you to sing, and me to shine ;
 That you with music, I with light,
 Might beautify and cheer the night.”
 The songster heard his short oration,
 And, warbling out his approbation,
 Released him, as my story tells,
 And found a supper somewhere else.

VERSES

Supposed to have been written by ALEXANDER SELKIRK, during his solitary abode in the
 Island of Juan Fernandez.

I am monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute ;
 From the center all round to the sea
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

O, Solitude! where are thy charms
 That sages have seen in thy face?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
 I must finish my journey alone,
 Never hear the sweet music of speech,—
 I start at the sound of my own.
 The beasts that roam over the plain
 My form with indifference see;
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
 Divinely bestowed upon man!
 O, had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again!
 My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth,
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
 Resides in that heavenly word!—
 More precious than silver and gold,
 Of all that this earth can afford;
 But the sound of the church-going bell
 These valleys and rocks never heard,
 Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
 Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more!
 My friends—do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me?
 O tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
 Compared with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.

When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment, I seem to be there ;
 But, alas ! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair ;
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There's mercy in every place,
 And mercy, encouraging thought !
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.

GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY.

God moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take :
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace ;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour :
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain :
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

NOTES.

“Cowper was six years old when his mother died. More than fifty years after the day on which a sad little face, looking from the nursery window, had seen a dark hearse moving slowly from the door, an old man, smitten with incurable madness, but just then enjoying a brief lucid interval, bent over a picture, and saw the never-forgotten image of that kindest earthly friend from whom he had been so long severed, but whom he was soon to join in the sorrowless land. There are no more touching and beautiful lines in English poetry or prose than Cowper's verses to his ‘Mother's Picture.’”

“No great success rewarded the first installments of Cowper's poetic toil; but at least two men, whose good opinion was worth more than gold, saw real merit in him. Johnson and Franklin recognized in the recluse of fifty a true and eminent poet.”

“To Lady Austen, Cowper owed the origin of his greatest work, ‘The Task.’ She asked him to write some blank verse, and playfully gave him ‘The Sofa’ as a subject. Beginning a poem on this homely theme, he produced six books of ‘The Task,’ which took its name from the circumstances of its origin.”

“The second book, ‘The Time-piece,’ opens with a just and powerful denunciation of slavery, and proceeds to disclose the blessings and the need of peace among the nations. A noble apostrophe to England, and a brilliantly sarcastic picture of a fashionable preacher, are among the more striking passages of this book. Then comes ‘The Garden,’ ‘The Winter Evening,’ ‘The Winter Morning Walk,’ and ‘The Winter Walk at Noon,’ full of exquisite description and deep kindness.”

“One of his very best was a little poem, ‘The Castaway,’ descriptive of a sailor's death, who had been washed overboard in the mid-Atlantic. It was the last sad wail of his noble lyrc. Its concluding words were :

“‘ We perished, each alone :
 But I beneath a rougher sea,
 And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.’”

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